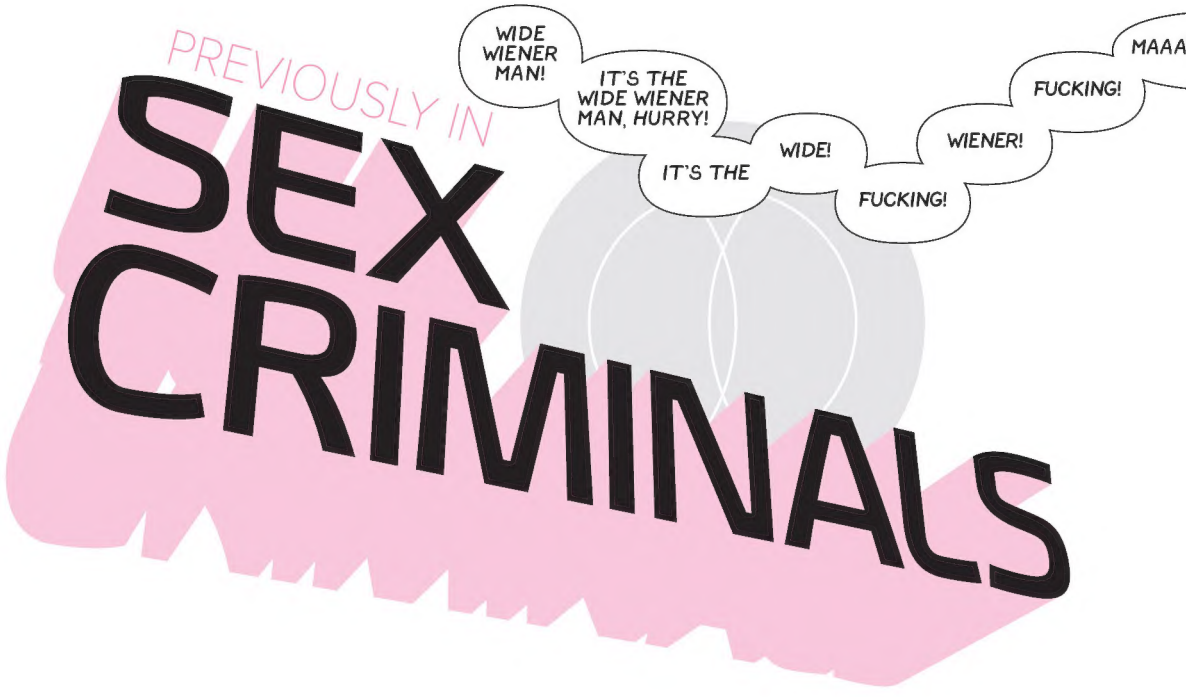
SEX CRIMINALS™

FRACTION ZDARSKY

19: DOWN WITH THE THICKNESS

THE WIDE WIENER
wieners so wide you won't believe it
My worth is my girth!!
NO soda
please do not ask for soda pop
please ask for wide wieners
they're girthy like a can of soda pop
HOT DOGS · HOT · DOGS
ask 4 me nude!
or cunt!



matt made me draw a 64-panel page and then the next page was a giant shot of a porn convention please help me someone please

MATT FRACTION
CHIP ZDARSKY

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SEND LETTERS & SLUTTY LETTERS (SLETTERS) TO EMAILTHESEXCRIMINALS@GMAIL.COM

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This book is dedicated to porn star Colin Girth, the original wide wiener.

AAAAAAAAAAAN!
I might be short, but I'm so wide So wide that I won't fit in-side
Take your time and gen-tl-y Soon inside your mouth I'll be!
Wide Wieners! Wide Wieners! Stubby, jolly, full of mirth!
Wide Wieners! Wide Wieners! I'm not long but I have girth!
THE WIDE WIENER
HOT DOGS - HOT - DOGS
Wieners aren't one size fits all Long fat short bent big or small
Just be cool and trust me chum! I'm a wiener made for buns!
My worth is my girth!!
HOT DOGS
wide you won't believe it
NO soda
Please do not ask for soda pop
Please ask for wide wieners
they're girthy like a can of soda pop
ask for me nude!
So wide that I won't fit in-side
your mouth I'll be!
of mirth!
I'm not long but I have girth!
oh no
My worth is my girth!!
please do not ask for soda po
please ask for wide wieners
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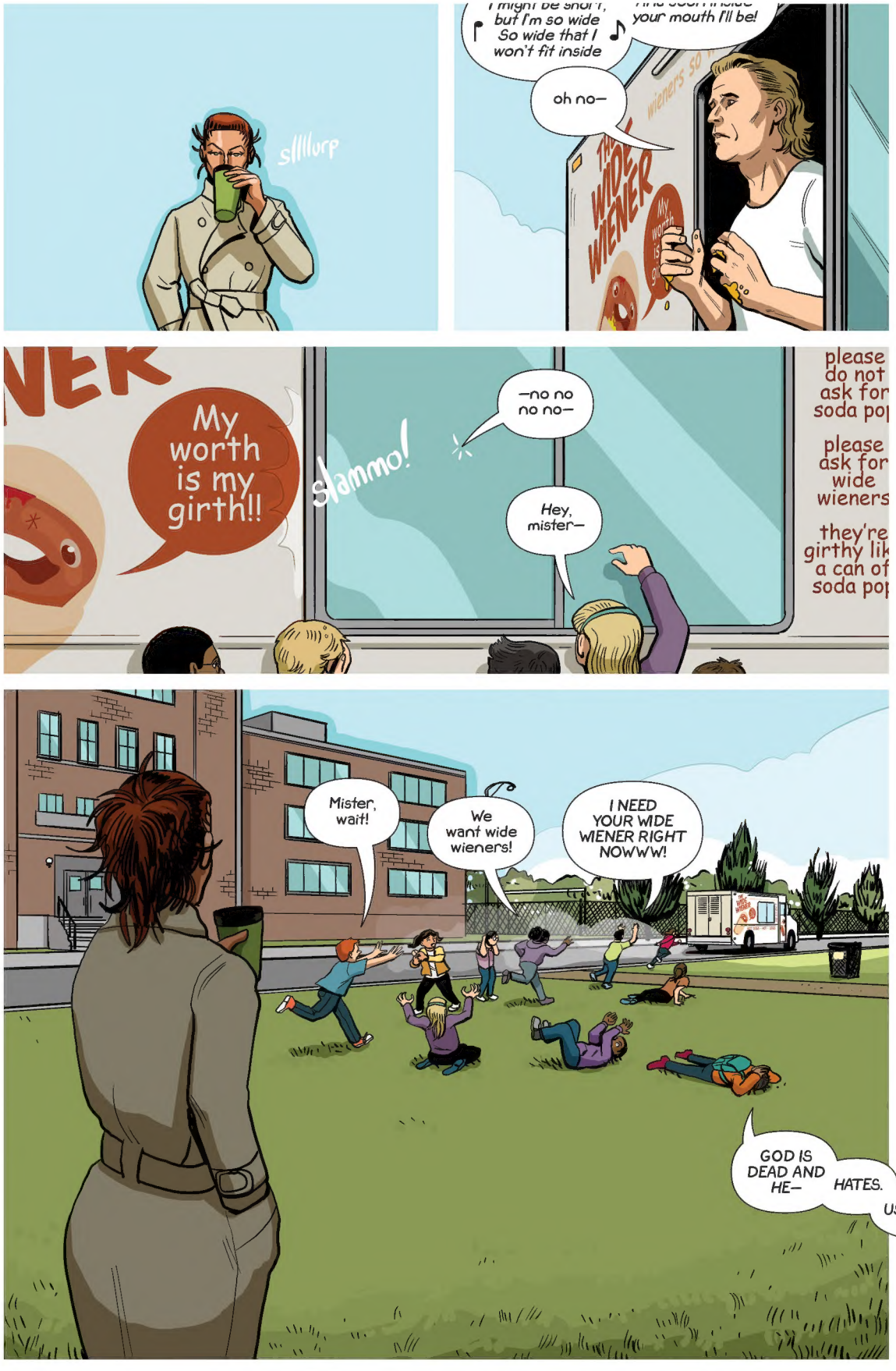

sllllurp
I might be short, but I'm so wide So wide that I won't fit inside
your mouth I'll be!
oh no—
THE WIDE WIENER
My worth is my girth!!
wieners $0
My worth is my girth!!
slammo!
—no no no no—
Hey, mister—
please do not ask for soda pop
please ask for wide wieners
they're girthy like a can of soda pop
Mister, wait!
We want wide wieners!
I NEED YOUR WIDE WIENER RIGHT NOWW'W!
GOD IS DEAD AND HE—
HATES.
USSSSS

So...
...so are we just not gonna talk?
Like...
...at all?
What is there to talk about?
You lied to me.
I didn't *lie*-lie to you.
I just... didn't tell you.
A lie by omission is still a lie, goddammit.
There's a reason you didn't tell me.
Here, we're *here*—
...whaaaaat the fuck, Jon.

SEXY STUFF
NO SEXY STUFF
CFS
COVERED FULL SERVICE
INSURANCE CO.
CFS
AMUSEMENT
TICKETS
TICKETS
FORK-THE-SHAFT
We were supposed to be done with weird shit, Jon.

I'm not too sure the weird shit is done with us, babe.
JACK-A-MOLE
JACK-A-MOLE

"Babe."
Feh.
Don't.

—There he is.

Hi, uh.
Sorry.
I've never met... y'know. People like me before.

Hey, Suze. Come on—
Buddy, there isn't *anybody* like you.

You *really* want to start with me right now?
Just sayin'.

I don't want to be here or talk to you about this shit either.
Trust me.

Trust is a slippery slope with us, apparently.
What do you mean—?

Nothing, she's being a dick.
I'm the dick? Hey, who's got two goddamn thumbs and thinks lies of omission are the same as the truth?

Jesus, Suzanne, I'm SORRY!
You two have some issues, huh.

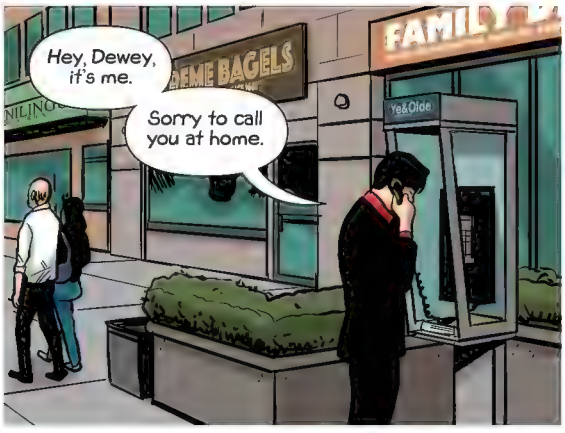
Hey, we're not the one sending weird little turd-Shroks in to peep in people's bedrooms at night!
They're not—
—look you two, you can do what I do, right? When you...

Turd. Shroks.
They're somatosensory maps of—
You know what? Don't have to explain myself to you.
Just tell me how to get away from...
Her.
We call her 'Kegelface' because...
Well, kegel face.
She can hunt down and sniff out people like us—
Jesus.
I thought it was just me.
Then us.
There's more?
Jesus.
Look, man, I'm sorry. I never wanted—I'm sorry. It's the only way...
...I know it's gross but it's the only way I can.
Just tell your boss to leave me alone, I'll—
"Boss"? "Tell"? The fuck?
Buddy, we don't work for her, she—
Oh, fuck you guys.
You set me up!
—The hell?

...
Eat shit, titdicks!
Hey—the Shrokfucker took off.

Beta testing these data streams required some peer management in the knowledge density department, but as I think you'll see—
BADALCORP
—there's a real value proposition here in incentivizing our user's privacy-ecologies.
You may be asking yourselves—
"But, Kuber Badal, you're a fabulously wealthy thoughtovation innoventor! Why do you need us?"
In a word?
Horizontally-integrated disruptive value-optics.
COLLATION
Infocologies are the new landscape. We are seeking globally-evolved, hyperscaled quality-vectors outside of our own paradigm.
Simple, really.
Synthigrating the dynamic knowledge-feeds of BankCorp's leveraged target communities with BadalCorp's handheld-slash-mobile data curation and unprivacy nodes gives us incomplete concept-variables.
This is where you come in.
I don't need money. I need partners.
Take this average, randomly selected client we selected totally at random and for no other reason.

We've geocached purchasing habits and spendonomic trends that suggest certain needs and wants.
You, in your various professional end-to-end systems architectures, can make them actionable in ways I, or rather we, cannot.
We would own him.
He keeps talking, but all I can hear is the sound of blood in my ears.
All this way.
He brought all of us out here, all this way, to send me a message.
Well.
To send us a message.
Well, Mizzzz Ambrose?
What do you think
About allllll the things I can do
To anyone I want?
Don't fuck with this.
It's bigger than you.


Hey, Dewey, it's me.
Sorry to call you at home.
Ye&Olde

Hey, Alix! How's it going?
Everything okay? It's nice to hear from you. I—

—yeah, buddy, look, there's a thing.
Y'know our friends in white?

I think he is using her and it's way worse than any of us thought.
I don't know if she knows or not but...
...Buuuuut....

...But shit on my car, I think that asshole is right.
24/7
FAM
XTR
BUN

I mean, for the wrong reasons and everything, but—
Ye&Olde
payphones
Alix.

Sounds like we got assholes to punch...

"...And I owe one asshole an apology."

Wait, what the hell is going on here again?
I don't think this idea is gonna work.
Well, it has to, Jon! Okay?! It has to.
Legal concerns and budget cuts mean both of our plays this season have been combined.
Taft: An Americanadian Edutainment and Hulch: Turn Off Dark are therefore now known as HUFTCH: TURN OFF CANADA! And that's fucking that.
So are you with me or against me, shitnoodles?
LL-NIGHT PANTS
WAR
Yeah, man, something's missing.
This is never gonna work.
Sorry.

Something's missing, something's missing.
What missing, chum? Me as solicitor general of United States?
What? No, not you, Incrandleberry Huftch.
what's missing jon what's missing...
Me know!
Rousing hip-hop show tune where Supreme Court justice get punched with car—
No! Get out of my head! Nobody cares about you.
I got this whole other thing I'm talking about.
This is missing.
You like it in here, and you know it.
...Shit.
Shit.
Shit.
Yes! HUFTCH AM NOT THROWING AWAY HIM— FIAT!

Oh.
Hey.

Hey.

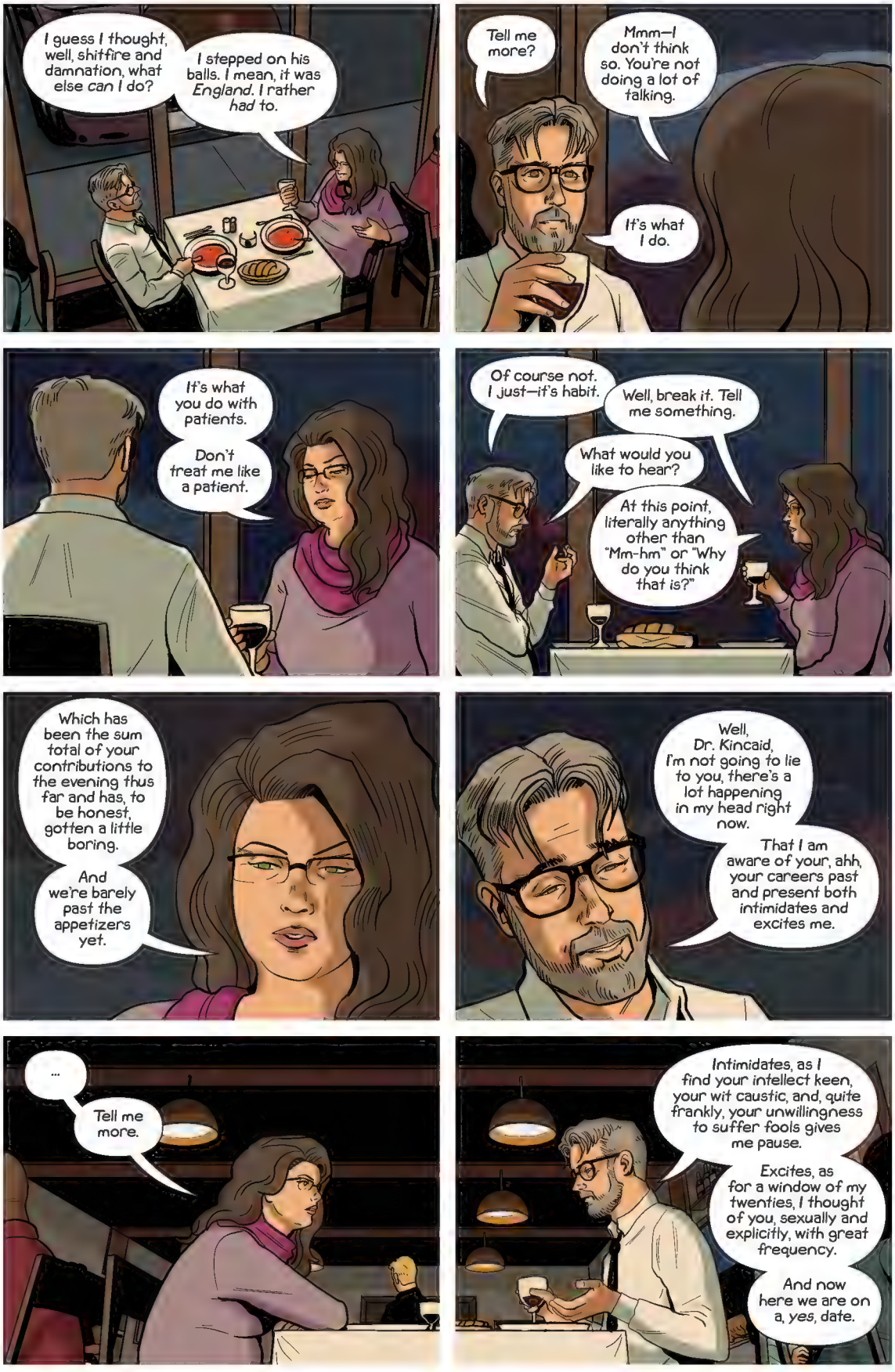
Uh...
A short-sleeved casual top, generally made of cotton, having the shape of a T when spread out flat.

I, uh...

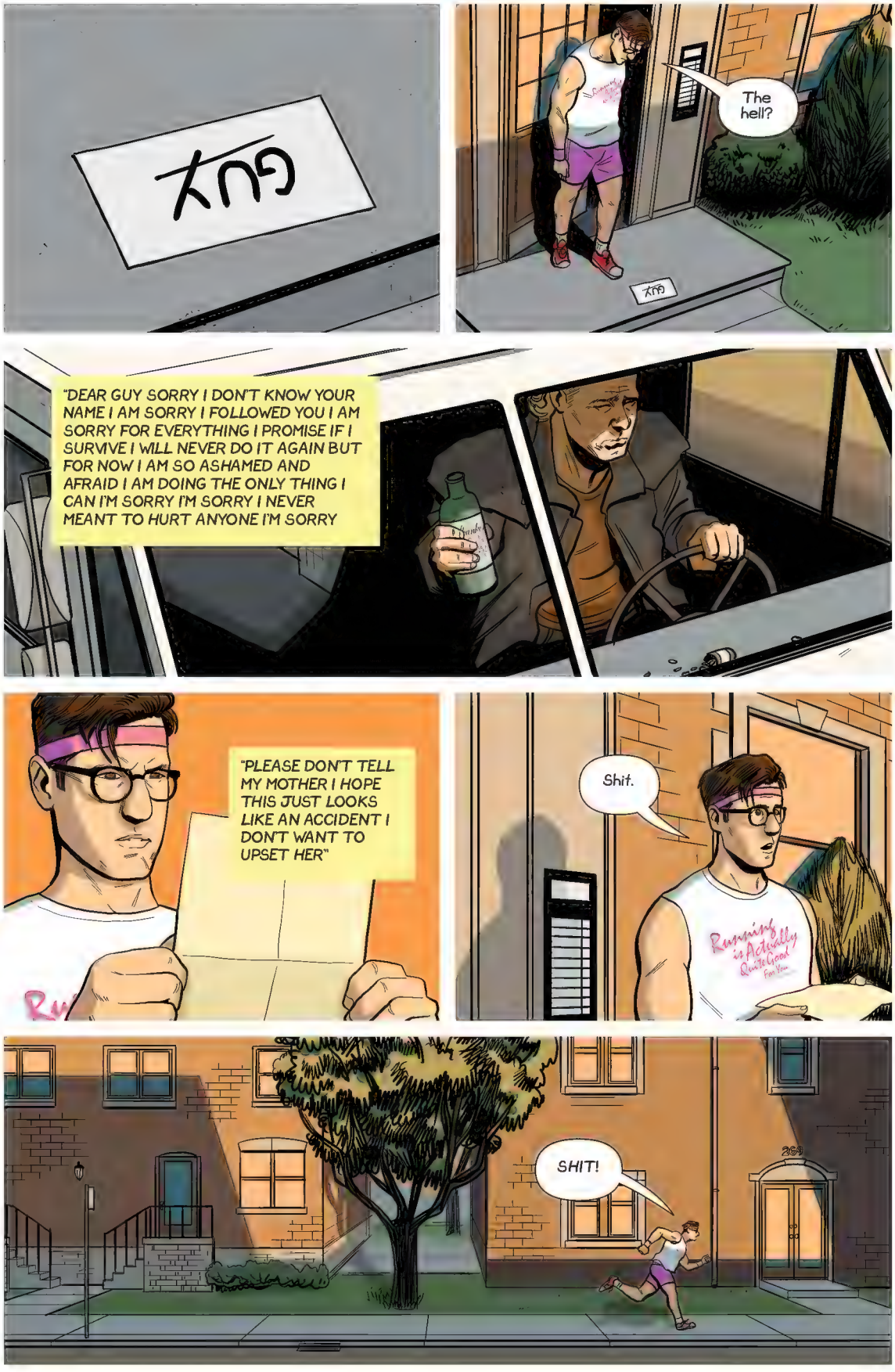
How was your day?

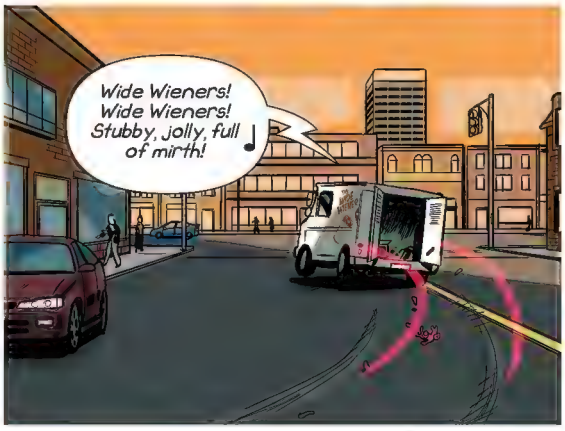
Fine.
I gotta go out.

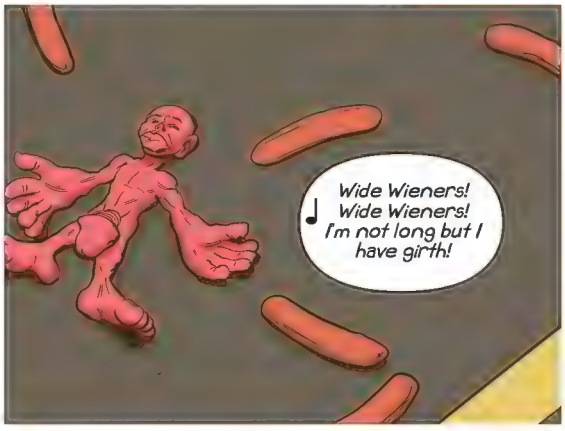
Annnnnd shit.

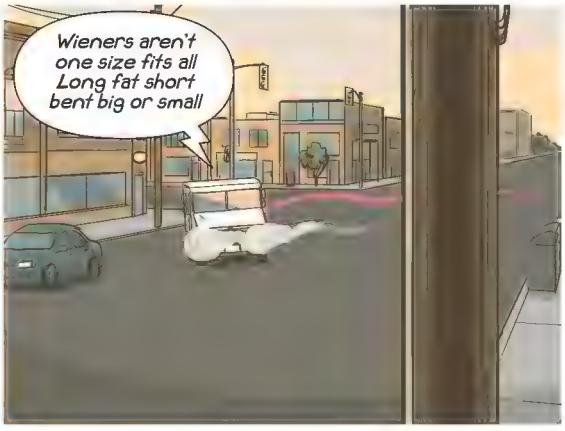

I guess I thought, well, shitfire and damnation, what else can I do?
I stepped on his balls. I mean, it was England. I rather had to.
Tell me more?
Mmm—I don't think so. You're not doing a lot of talking.
It's what I do.
It's what you do with patients.
Don't treat me like a patient.
Of course not. I just—it's habit.
Well, break it. Tell me something.
What would you like to hear?
At this point, literally anything other than "Mm-hm" or "Why do you think that is?"
Which has been the sum total of your contributions to the evening thus far and has, to be honest, gotten a little boring.
And we're barely past the appetizers yet.
Well, Dr. Kincaid, I'm not going to lie to you, there's a lot happening in my head right now.
That I am aware of your, ahh, your careers past and present both intimidates and excites me.
...
Tell me more.
Intimidates, as I find your intellect keen, your wit caustic, and, quite frankly, your unwillingness to suffer fools gives me pause.
Excites, as for a window of my twenties, I thought of you, sexually and explicitly, with great frequency.
And now here we are on a, yes, date.

A first date at that, but that context and its spectra of suggestions, combined with my personal history with the idea of you, has cast an inescapable sexual pall over the evening that goes beyond the stereotypical, "will I get laid tonight?" and into a place of having a meal across a table from one's sexual fantasy.
Albeit twenty-some years on.
This is a combination of cowardice and fear of rejection for reasons of inadequacies, sexual, intellectual, or otherwise, I know, but knowing doesn't lessen their impact.
Lastly, I think it's fair to say, and an open secret, that I'm a little bit rebound-y at just this moment. While my previous relationship was not a great font of emotional well-being and health, we were, sexually, extraordinarily compatible and I did, despite myself, like her and I am aware that you, for reasons I do not understand, do not.
So to loop back around, then, it's impossible to not at least, even a little, hypothetically compare and contrast a real woman, with whom I had at least some kind of relationship, with not you but my idea of you, as a figure of fantasy and wish fulfillment— both sexually and intellectually.
And I am acutely aware of how unfair that is, if not downright insulting and belittling, as none of it has anything to do with you—the actual you, the real you—and everything to do with me, being a self-obsessed dick.
Which I believe is the textbook definition of a shitty first date.
All of which is a long way of saying, I'm waiting for the butterflies in my stomach to go away and my mouth to stop being so goddamn dry.
That was good.


GUY
The hell?
GUY
"DEAR GUY SORRY I DON'T KNOW YOUR NAME I AM SORRY I FOLLOWED YOU I AM SORRY FOR EVERYTHING I PROMISE IF I SURVIVE I WILL NEVER DO IT AGAIN BUT FOR NOW I AM SO ASHAMED AND AFRAID I AM DOING THE ONLY THING I CAN I'M SORRY I'M SORRY I NEVER MEANT TO HURT ANYONE I'M SORRY
"PLEASE DON'T TELL MY MOTHER I HOPE THIS JUST LOOKS LIKE AN ACCIDENT I DON'T WANT TO UPSET HER"
Shit.
Running is Actually Quite Good For You
SHIT!







I'm a wiener made for buns

I hope I'm not too late.
Thank you for agreeing to see me so last-minute.
Please, Ms. Dickson, our pleasure.

What's one more candidate interview?
Especially with your qualifications.

Aw, you're kind.
I came across the classified a little late, and I'm keeping you from getting home. I appreciate the opportunity.

Well we're glad you saw it. We'd have felt like we missed an opportunity had we found out later.
We are, in short, a town with three libraries that, for all their warmth and wonder, remain hopelessly stuck in 1955.

We need not just a librarian, but someone versed in library science. Someone who can bring our three little branches into the 21st century.
Someone who doesn't just know where to look up what "taxonomy" means, but someone who knows how to *create* one for us.

Before we even get to that, though—
—it *is* a position that would require relocation.

Would you be willing to relocate, Ms. Dickson?

Yes.
Yes I would.

LETTER DADDIES

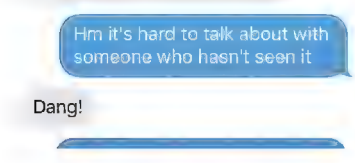
SEND YOUR THOUGHTS, SEXUAL QUESTIONS, AND TIPS ON WHERE THE MOUTH CLITORIS IS TO *EMAILTHESEXCRIMINALS@GMAIL.COM*. YOUR TYPOS/SHAME ARE YOUR OWN AND WILL BE RUN AS RECEIVED. ALL ASSUMED OK TO PRINT UNLESS STATED OTHERWISE.

WELL I'M NOT GONNA LIE, I SORTA THINK I NEED TO HANG UP MY SPURS AFTER WRITING THE WIDE WIENER SONG. THAT'S IT. I'M DONE. NOTHING WILL EVER BE AS GOOD AS THE WIDE WIENER SONG. HOMER IN GAY PSYCHEDELIC SPACE IN VERSE? A DOG SOLVING A CRIME? SIGN LANGUAGE? A GUN THAT SHOOTS SWORDS? ALL BULLSHIT COMPARED TO THE WIDE WIENER SONG. SELL THE HOUSE SELL THE CAR SELL THE KIDS IT'S OVER SORRY

I MIGHT AS WELL FINISH OFF THIS LETTER COLUMN, THOUGH, SEEING AS HOW WE'RE PAYING FOR IT AND ALL, AND ***GOD FORBID TEAM: CRIMBO DOES SOMETHING STUPID WITH MONEY***

AS I TYPE THIS YOUR CHUMMER CHIPPER IS IN CHICAGO SEEING *HAMILTON* AND MAYBE A CUBS GAME BECAUSE THIS IS AN ERA WHERE TRAGEDY REIGNS AND LAUGHTER DIES.

Matt, who has NOT seen HAMILTON yet because of a stolen ticket scam last year, texted me to see what I thought, and here it is:



Matt is my best friend. -CZ

LETTERS!

Brimper since issue #1, first time writer to any comic ever. I have something to add to The Movie List: Jodorowsky's Dune. I figure when the first thing someone notices about your bedroom are the contents of your bookshelf, The Dune Saga, that's generally a good sign (but to be clear not the prequels). She mentioned the SciFi mini series and the Lynch film, but when I asked her if she had seen the documentary she insisted we watch it. In retrospect me shaking my fist at the TV a la "Old Man Yells at a Cloud" due to my HDMI Cable on my Blu-Ray Player going in and out through most of the movie must have been very cute or sexy. Then well, other things went in and out while the documentary continued to go in and out in the background. It was our first time together. It is important to note that it is nearly impossible to maintain a state of arrival while H.R. Giger yammered on with his "I eat babies and gargle with glass" voice. But "I must not Fear, Fear is the Erection Killer, Fear is what prevents 'The Little Death' and so on and so forth." Somehow I'd think Jodo would be very pleased that something he was involved with got people laid. Keep up the good work.
Max N.

WOW TITE HUMBLEBRIMP UP THERE. THANKS FOR POPPING YOUR LETTERHACK CHERRY WITH US.

SOMETIMES I DO THE GIGER VOICE AND READ MY DAUGHTER HER BEDTIME STORIES, AND SHE LAUGHS AND LAUGHS AND LAUGHS. IN HER WORLD, SILLY UNCLE GIGER IS JUST THAT. I THINK I'M DOING AN OKAY JOB AS A PARENT?

ALSO IF YOU LIKED *JODO'S DUNE* BUT WERE WONDERING WHO THE FUCK THE GUY WITH THE HAT WAS, CHECK OUT *LOST SOUL: THE DOOMED JOURNEY OF RICHARD STANLEY'S ISLAND OF DR. MOREAU,* WHICH IS PRETTY WORDY NOW THAT I TYPE IT ALL OUT BUT IT'S REAL GOOD TOO.

Interesting fact about me: I've never watched DUNE, nor have I read the books. My Canadian Wife and I bought two copies and were going to have a little book club for lovers, but neither of us could get past the first page (we can't read). But! I DID watch JODOROWSKY'S DUNE, so I feel like I get the gist -CZ

•

Loved issue 17, I get all the XXX variants and this introduced me to Gina Wynbrandt, who is hilarious. I am in a relationship class and we were talking about sex, I was trying to use your book as a reference, but I assumed most would recognize it so I tossed it around by it's name and got a room full of blank stares. I decided to pull out the issue to show everyone it is a comic, but they saw my #17 XXX cover and now most of the girls won't talk to me anymore and the dudes give me a blank stare. I tried to explain that it's not actually about handcuffed half naked men, but the point was moot by then. I already have a girlfriend, but I figured Sex Crimz would make me more attractive to the ladies, not make them think I read cartoon porn alone in my car every Wednesday. Brimpin truly ain't easy. (...)

John N.

AS LONG AS A ROOM FULL OF STRANGERS THINK CHIP AND I ARE SUPER HOTT OTTER-DADDIES (THX GINA), THEN YOUR SHAME WAS WORTH IT.

I finally got to meet Gina last weekend and forgot to try and recreate the cover but still worked towards it instinctually? She is pure sex and I'm a floor boy. -CZ

•

Don't want to take up too much

SEX TIP *"TIPS" stands for "Transjugular Intraheptic Portosystemic shunt." So these are sex transjugular intraheptic portosystemic shunts. Enjoy!*

---

space since I've borrowed columns up before with my hockey fucking and sob stories. I just have 2 things to say. 1) My LCS gave me two issues of Sex Crims in as many months and I legit thought there was a mistake. There was a moment there where I thought that we were going to have Sex Criminals Annual #1 or something before any more regular issues. I'm pleased as punch to be getting you underbudgetandaheadofschedule. Did Jeff Lemire give you two a motivational seminar? Did he teach you how to write a bajillion ongoings all at once while also illustrating graphic novels and overseeing crossover events? How does that guy do that stuff? Is he secretly a bunch of people? Is Lemire a plural word in Canada?

2) Cait H's letter prompted me to ask this: can we get an update on The List? You know the one.

Eli B.

NO, WE JUST DIDN'T PUT OUT COMICS FOR LIKE NINE MONTHS WHILE WE MADE THESE ONES, THEN WE PUT THIS ONE OUT A LITTLE LATE SO THAT IT WON'T SEEM LIKE SUCH A LONG TIME BEFORE THE NEXT ONE. IT'S LATE BECAUSE WE WANTED IT TO BE GOOD FIRST AND TIMELY SECOND. I KNOW A LOT OF PEOPLE WOULD DISAGREE WITH THAT SENTIMENT, AND IT FRUSTRATES NOT JUST READERS BUT RETAILERS. WE HAVE TO BELIEVE THAT A BETTER PRODUCT IS GONNA SELL BETTER AND READ BETTER IN THE LONG RUN FOR EVERYONE. PART OF THE JOYS AND PAINS OF NOT BEING TRAPPED IN A GRINDHOUSE CONTENT MACHINE.

CHIP AND JEFF ARE REGULAR LUNCH BROS I THINK.

THE OFFICIAL *SEX CRIMINALS* MOVIES TO WATCH WHILE BONIN' LIST

AS CONTRIBUTED BY THE READERS OF *SEX CRIMINALS*

1. *JODO'S DUNE*

I FORGET THE OTHER ONES.

Jeff and I are lunch buddies in the sense that I eat lunch on his lawn while he's inside working harder than God Himself. I've waved at him through the window. -CZ

•

My current gf and I first got it on to the Lego Movie, at my mom's place, while I was staying there between apartments. So, you know, throw it on the list.

Two years later we're still going strong, so I guess you could say that everything was awesome (kill me)

Mitch U

THE OFFICIAL *SEX CRIMINALS* MOVIES TO WATCH WHILE BONIN' LIST

AS CONTRIBUTED BY THE

SEX TIP *Erotic shunts are an exciting way to spice up small passages that allow movement of fluid from one part of the body to another.*

READERS OF *SEX CRIMINALS*

1. *JODO'S DUNE*
2. *THE LEGO MOVIE*

I FORGET THE OTHER ONES.

•

I have taken umbrage with your proclamation that running is bullshit. I hereby declare that running is not bullshit. You are just doing running wrong. There's only one way to run gentlemen: naked as a jaybird. You might think you have lived but I tell you you have not until you have burst out of the woods at a full sprint in your birthday suit as a crowd of nudists cheer you on. You have not lived until seasoned nudists have called you a white tail and shielded their eyes from your member because it has been covered with so much sunscreen that it is reflecting retina-damaging levels of sunlight. You have not lived until you've seen a naked runner warming up by high stepping, causing his weiner to swing like a propeller. You have not lived until you take first place in your age group and a crowd of naked people enthusiastically applaud as you mount the stage to claim your trophy. You have not lived until you're back in your clothes driving home, wondering if perhaps that surreal experience was just a dream, and then laying your eyes on your race swag (a towel emblazoned with the words "Bare Bun Fun Run") and knowing that it was oh so real. And so I urge you to go to http://nuderuns.com/CalendarMain.html, find a race near you, and LIVE.

Kyle D.

I THINK CHIP AND I SHOULD DO THIS FOR CHARITY.

Can't I just sit nude in a park eating pizza for charity, chum?

Also, I think the shirt in THIS issue addresses some of your running concerns, Kyle. -CZ

•

Hey guys, just want to let you know that the new packaging for the NSFW covers is superb. Important to let you know it's very much appreciated, as the previous packaging was not as superb. You care! :)

Zak S.

WE BROKE TWO (MAYBE THREE) GODDAMN POLYBAG MACHINES BEFORE OUR MEXICAN PUBLISHERS CAME UP WITH THIS SOLUTION THAT WAS SO FUCKING OBVIOUS IT COULD'VE PUNCHED US IN THE FACES BUT OUR HEADS WERE SO FAR UP OUR OWN ASSES IT COULDN'T REACH?

I THINK THE METAPHOR GOT AWAY FROM ME THERE AT THE END.

AND SAY WHAT YOU WILL, BUT I REALLY LOVED HOW WE ACCIDENTALLY SHOWED THE GIANT STRAP-ON DONG ON THE COOP BACK COVER BECAUSE THE COLOR ON THE POLY DIDN'T GO ALL THE WAY AROUND.

I found it very embarrassing!!!!! -CZ

•

Love your comic, love the letters people write, so thank you for all of that.

I discovered the world of erotic fan fiction at age 13, thanks to a geocities page celebrating my favourite manga. I devoured that shit for years, not really understanding that erotic fan fic != real life sexytimes until I first had sex years later and there were far less tentacles, nosebleeds, and sparkles than I'd anticipated. Thanks, Internet.

I noticed no one's really written about sex shops they would recommend to other brimpers? So I'll share Good For Her in Toronto, where I attended a workshop designed to teach non-orgasmic ladies how to orgasm, and it literally blew my mind.

Here are some of the movies I've fucked to, and never seen the end of because of said fucking: *Gladiator* (multiple times), *Hot Tub Time Machine, Police Academy,* and as a bonus, multiple episodes of *Dragon Ball Z.*

Keep up the good work.

Andrea D.

AND THEY SAID THE *POLICE ACADEMY* MOVIES HAD NO REDEEMING SOCIAL VALUE. PAH! FEH!

LET'S SEE. SEX SHOP RECOMMENDATIONS, BRIMPERS?

THERE'S THE PERENNIAL *BABELAND* IN NYC (THINK THEY HAVE A FEW OTHER LOCATIONS NOW) THAT WAS MY FIRST ENCOUNTER WITH A "SEX SHOP" THAT WASN'T LIKE SOMETHING OUT OF AN *SNL* SKETCH. WORKSHOPS, TOYS, ACCOUTREMENTS, CONDOMS, BOOKS, KNOWLEDGEABLE STAFF, ZERO SKEEVY VIBES, WELL LIT, AND JUST LIKE A BLOCK AWAY FROM THE *PAUL'S BOUTIQUE* INTERSECTION ON LUDLOW.

THERE'S *SHE-BOP* HERE IN PORTLAND THAT CARRIES

SEX TIP *To get away with using the word "shunt" in a professional environment, the phrase "she you next tuesday" is often used.*

ON THAT FINE TRADITION OF SHAME-FREE, CREEP-FREE, SEX-POSITIVE SHOPPING. THIS IS A WAY BETTER LIST THAN THE MOVIE LIST.

WE SHOULD TRY GETTING OUR BOOKS INTO THOSE KINDS OF SHOPS, SHOULDN'T WE?

Ugh there you go trying to "make us money" again, chum. -CZ

•

I'm the other half of the third of Chip Zbarksky and Bryan.
Heard a rumor you're looking for this sweet sweet boy pic.

Jenny R.

THIS IMAGE DISTILLS *SEX CRIMINALS* INTO A SINGLE PERFECT IMAGE, THE ULTIMATE REDUCTION OF THE WHOLE FUCKING PROJECT: SOMETHING YOU CAN MASTURBATE TO WHILE CRYING.

Chip Zbarsky is a very good dog and I consider him a brother. A brother who looks better than me while naked with just a bandana. -CZ

•

My daughter (age 9): What are you laughing at?

Me: I'm reading this lettercolumn and they're teasing that they are going to have a famous guest artist named "Joe Q"

The kid, excitedly: Joe Kubert?!!

Me: No, Joe Quinones.

Child: I don't know who that is.

Me: That's kind of the joke.

And look of scorn she gives me lingers.

Isaac K.

WAIT, YOUR NINE-YEAR-OLD DAUGHTER KNOWS WHO JOE KUBERT IS? MY NINE-YEAR-OLD SON TOLD ME THE OTHER DAY THAT WILL ELDER IS THE BEST *MAD* ARTIST, BUT HE REALLY LIKES WALLY WOOD AND JACK DAVIS TOO, BUT WILL ELDER IS FUNNIEST.

WHAT I'M SAYING IS, LET'S GET THESE TWO TOGETHER. WE'LL PROVIDE A DOWRY, ETC. ETC. CONTACT ME AT THE ABOVE, WE'LL GET THIS GODDAMN NERD DYNASTY ROLLING.

I don't think Matt's son knows who I am even though I lived with him for a week. -CZ

•

Just wanted to let you know that I have "Careless Whisper" on repeat while I read every issue.
That is all.

P.S. What other songs would you recommend listening while reading the latest issue.

Kieron G

SEX TIP *There is no sexy-sounding word in the English language with the "unt" phoneme.*

OKAY FIRST OFF, YOU ARE NOT KIERON GILLEN, IN SPITE OF THE CONTENT AND SAME INITIAL TO YOUR LAST NAME, BUT I KIND OF WANT YOU TO BE TROLLING HIM BY WRITING IN? BECAUSE EVERYONE THAT READS THIS WILL THINK IT'S HIM? THEN IMAGINE HIM LISTENING TO "CARELESS WHISPER" AND GETTING UP TO SOME REAL PORNOMANCERY.

I'D RECOMMEND LISTENING TO THE WIDE WIENER SONG, WHICH I COMPOSED ON A UKULELE EARLIER THIS AFTERNOON. I AM NOW PRICING OUT THE COST OF DOING FLEXIDISC INSERTS IN OUR NEXT ISSUE.

I'M RUNNING THE NEXT LETTER WITHOUT COMMENT BECAUSE THE LETTER AFTER IT COMMENTS WONDERFULLY, I THINK? THEN I'LL COME BACK FOR MORE BOLD-CAP TALKIN' THE WAY U DEMANDED IT.

Hi Kieron, big fan. -CZ

When I read the first trade, I immediately sent a message to Matt's tumblr saying that your treatment of sex meant a lot to me as an asexual, with how it unexpectedly made me feel connected to other people where I always felt a disconnect before that.

Fast forward to when issue 13 came out. Tears. I immediately tweeted you guys after reading.

And then a little later, after almost 5 years of identifying as asexual, I realized I was just gay the whole time (how did I fool myself so long? Partially being immersed in that "if people tell you you're not asexual, they're WRONG!" community, partially thinking my gay brother could be THE ONLY gay brother, partially society, etc). And soon after, I found out that the only other asexual I knew had the same #gaythewholetime experience. It made me wonder about asexuality as a whole. How many other people are identifying this way, when identifying another way would actually make them happier and bring them inner peace? I re-read issue 13 and had no idea what to make of any of it.

Fast forward to now, about a year later. I'm still not the constant sex-craving guy I thought I'd be in identifying as gay. I was with one guy once. I'd be happy never getting with another guy again -- and yet, I am still attracted to men. So in re-reading the series at the end of the hiatus, I came back to issue 13 and realized: Alix and that whole issue are a wonderful representation of what it's like to be queer, in any identity. Whether asexuality as an identity is any different from asexuality as behavior, or if all asexuals are really running away from some other identity -- that's irrelevant. As the third arc explored, we all have different experiences, we all have different understandings of ourselves, and it's all equally real. And your representation of what it's like to be queer? Hella real.

I'm glad my self-understanding could evolve alongside your comic and am excited for where it all goes in the future. Thanks for helping me ask the hard questions. And thanks for the hiatus for allowing me extra time between issues to figure myself out? I guess??

Nick P

•

First of all, eat a bag. You were a gateway into comics for me at age 37 and now I have a habit. A very expensive habit. Plus Ta-Nehisi Coates is writing three books now and I can't deal with it.

Second, thanks for writing and drawing Sex Criminals. Issue #13 was especially potent for me, which is also why I sorta wanted to write in. I have identified as Demi-Sexual since I read about asexuality three years ago and one day had a crisis of faith in the cracker aisle of Target. Ever since then I have felt better about my relation to the world and to crackers.

Far be it from me to scold anyone on their own column, but I do think you missed an opportunity with Mr. Grimp K in issue #18. From what I gather dude (his term) lives in a culture like so many of us that tells us we have to be sexual. This is true for men, women, queer people and all in between and outside the spectrum. Existing in that framework is, to be blunt, fucking mortifying. I think that is true even if you are a sexual person.

I don't want to assume that Grimp K is asexual or label him as such. But I think he should know that sex isn't something he needs to want or have. More so, that just because sex is something different for him than those around him doesn't mean he is lonely or has to feel lonely. Since being able to shake the weight of expectations of upholding a sexual norm that I just wasn't into, I've felt better and been able to create deeper, more meaningful relationships with people of all gender identities.

What I love about Sex Criminals is that it affirms we can be who we want to be and be okay with that. We don't have to be monsters to ourselves and to others. We can literally enjoy whatever it is we are. So Grimp K, from a Demi-Sexual, queer as fuck, 40 something who is happily single, just do you. Do the things you love. Be open to meeting all people at their level and you'll find those that are on yours too. And maybe you'll want to bone some of them and maybe some of them will

want to bone you and maybe that will happen simultaneously from time to time.

Erik G.

I VERY MUCH BELIEVE WE DON'T SO MUCH EXIST ON A SPECTRUM, BUT RATHER A TURBULENT MANIFOLD -- A CHANGING, ROILING, SHIFTING OCEAN INFLUENCED BY COUNTLESS, IMMEASURABLE FORCES BOTH WITHIN AND WITHOUT. I HOPE EVERYONE, NO MATTER WHERE THEY ARE INSIDE THAT MANIFOLD RIGHT NOW, CAN FIND SOME FORM OF PEACE, SOLACE, COMFORT, AND JOY KNOWING THEY'RE NOT ALONE.

AS YOU SAY, ERIK -- ENJOY WHATEVER IT IS WE ARE. I'D ADD -- TODAY. AND IF YOU'RE SOMEONE ELSE TOMORROW, THEN WELCOME TO YOUR NEW ADVENTURE. GOOD LUCK.

•

Since last I've written, I am sorry to say that I have yet to have rub one out in a haunted house. (see Sex Criminals 7) I promise to get on that. I did, however, want to add something to the list of movies to have on during sex-having.

Some time ago, I had yet to see Mallrats. Upon hearing of the travesty of me not knowing much about Kevin Smith then, a boy took me to his house and demanded we watch it.

We didn't actually watch it.
I did like what I did occasionally see of the movie. I ended up purchasing it so I could finish.
Years after that, I met at boy at a bar who had not yet seen Mallrats! I insisted we go back to my place to watch it.

We didn't actually watch it.

Part of me hopes that he also purchased the movie and the tactic progressed onward. That it continued again and again. A sexually transmitted dvd.

Missy S.

PS. Thanks for putting me in Just The Tips. It's really fun to tell people my story is right next to the diagram of how to properly finger a butthole.

CONGRATS ON INVENTING THE STDVD AND CONGRATS 2 KEVIN SMITH ON BEING THE COOL PIONEER WE ALWAYS KNEW U WERE!!!!!!

I know it's not very appropriate for me to kink shame like this but your letter makes me nauseous, Missy. -CZ

•

How are you? I've met you guys at San Diego Comic-Con a time or two, and it's okay if you don't remember me – I absolutely did not ask if I could spit on your tits/pecs. I'm writing in response to a letter and response in issue 18 of Sex Criminals. Craig B. wrote that he hoped Dr. Kincaid would be fighting her "administrative leave" because the "administration cannot just shoo her away because of her prior sex work." I am currently an English professor at a completely real, accredited community college I shouldn't name, but I'll guess you can guess. Please don't mention or strongly hint at my employer if you print this. The rest of it would be okay to print.

Funnily enough, it is cuh-RAZY how sexual misconduct gets (sometimes not) punished. A few years ago, we had a high level male administrator who straight up sexually harassed women. Guess what? The college paid for the millions of dollars in legal fees and settlements and he kept his job. I worked with him and he was an unrepentant creepy guy.

However, I could easily see that if it came to light that a female professor had worked in porn and the evidence was available, she might be asked to take an unpaid leave of absence while they "review her case." Craig's probably right that legally they would not be able to fire her right then on those grounds and that they would be hoping she'd quit from shame because that is generally how administration works – don't fire people, but do create the conditions for them to quit. Dr. Ana Kincaid doesn't seem like the type to give up easily, and I'd guess that if she got in touch with her union rep or faculty advocate (two year colleges in CA are usually unionized, 4 year universities are often not, but faculty have similar protections), there could be a pretty awesome fight where she and the rep could confront the gender bias and sexual hangups of the people that want Professor St. Cocaine out.

Wherever you go with the character and story, I'm on board – this is one of my favorite comics!

Kevin D

PS: WTF is in the bags Jon give Suze?!

MEN EXCEL AT DESTROYING, LIMITING, CRUSHING, AND DIVERTING WOMEN PROFESSIONALLY WHILE THEY THEMSELVES SKATE ON A THICK LAYER OF UNEXAMINED PRIVILEGE AND MEDIOCRITY. IF THEY WANT A WOMAN GONE, THEY'LL *GONE GIRL* THAT GIRL HOWEVER THEY WANT -- WHERE THERE'S A WILLY THERE'S A WAY-Y.

I LEGIT LOVE THAT THIS IS THE

SEX TIP *Yes, black widow spiders eat their mates after sex but please don't kink shame them and please don't @ them*

PART OF THE BOOK THAT'S INSPIRING DETAILED, "UM ACTUALLY" DISCUSSIONS. BUT HEY, IF YOU CAN COME UP WITH A NO-PRIZE-ESQUE REASON WHY DR. K LOSING HER JOB BECAUSE OF A PAST HISTORY OF SEX WORK IS NOT IN ERROR, CONTRADICTORY TO THE LAW, OR OTHERWISE FACTUALLY INCORRECT, YOU'LL WIN THE FIRST EVER *SEX CRIMINALS* BLOW-PRIZE, WHICH WE WILL CALL THE "BLOW-PRIZE" AND WILL BE CHIP BLOWING YOU (SORRY LADIES, FELLAS ONLY).

ALSO, I DON'T KNOW WHAT WAS IN THE BAGS. YOU TELL ME. SOMETHING JON WAS INTO INCORPORATING INTO THEIR SEX LIFE THAT SUZE WASN'T, OR AT LEAST, WASN'T AS INTO AS JON WAS.

On a related note, if you work for a university, please strive to give Matt and me honorary doctorates and then take them away from us halfway through our acceptance speech. I just want to be a doctor for five minutes, tops, to make my mother proud. -CZ

•

First off, thank you so much for Sex Criminals. Like many readers who write in, it's helped me come to terms with a whole bunch of stuff that's been under the surface for a long time. My life's been plenty vanilla, but Sex Crims has helped me come to terms with the fact that I am bi, and kinkier than I'd previously been willing to admit.

This realization didn't save my marriage, so I'm single for the first time in sixteen years. I was having little luck with people until just recently, when I met someone. We get on well, and the sex is amazing. Totally mind-blowingly awesome. It's like our tastes and our kinks and our turn-ons fit together like Lego bricks. I'm not writing to brag, though. She's in a committed relationship; she's cheating on her partner with me. I'm under no illusions that she's going to leave him for me or anything, I'm strictly the Other Man. This is something I should feel guilty about; I'm putting their relationship in danger for my own benefit. I've also put my future on pause; I've stopped looking for anyone else because I don't believe I'd find anyone half as good.

I should feel guilty. But I don't. And that makes me feel like a terrible person.

I'm not writing looking for absolution or anything. It's more that we share too many friends so I can't talk to anyone I know. Oddly, a letter printed in a comic distributed worldwide feels more anonymous.

Cargo M.

HEY, I DON'T WANNA TELL YOU HOW TO LIVE YOUR LIFE, BUT MAYBE THIS ISN'T THE HEALTHIEST "FIRST RELATIONSHIP AFTER MY MARRIAGE DURING WHENCE I DISCOVERED NEW THINGS ABOUT MYSELF ON THE AFOREMENTIONED MANIFOLD OF HUMAN SEXUALITY" SITUATIONS I'VE EVER HEARD, AND I HEARD THE STORY ABOUT CHIP'S WIFE LEAVING HIM AND HIM GOING OUT AND GETTING SHIT-ASS DRUNK AND LAID THAT NIGHT.

ANYHOO.

I will say, having gone through a situation very similar to yours, Cargo, that shit did NOT end well. I, uh, rarely give sex or relationship advice 'cause I'm Chip, but extricating before the shit hits the fan is a VERY GOOD MOVE. Plenty of uncommitted fish out there that won't have you eventually sleeping with a knife under your pillow for a month (2002 was a bad year) -CZ

•

When I first started dating my boyfriend of 6 years, I felt too self-conscious to wear my glasses in front of him. I don't need them 24/7... just for driving and movies. So a few months in I went over to his house and he decided to put on one of his all time favorite movies: Inglourious Basterds. The movie has a bunch of subtitles, which me sans glasses couldn't read. Hell, the whole movie was a blur, so I got bored and escalated things. Which is how I got it on during a movie about Hitler!

Since then he's obviously seen me in glasses, and one day when we went into our local comic store to pick up our regular comics (BTW everyone talks about Bitch Planet here, which IS amazing, but where is the Pretty Deadly love? Such a fantastic comic!) he happened to spot Sex Criminals with the Goomba-dick XXX cover. He laughed really hard and bought it on the spot and searched for the rest of the series. He talked me into reading it and it's one of my favorites now. I keep trying to get my friends to read it, but when I try to tell them that it's deeper than it looks (NOT A PUN) they don't believe me! Maybe one day....

Anna R

YOU LIKED A GUY SO MUCH YOU RENDERED YOURSELF UNABLE TO READ OR DRIVE FOR THE FIRST FEW MONTHS OF YOUR RELATIONSHIP?

ALSO I WAS 100% CERTAIN THAT THIS WAS GONNA BE A REVERSE-LIBRARIAN SITCH

SEX TIP *Remember to use your fingers during sex to call a better lover, Gerry.*

WHERE YOU PUT THE GLASSES ON AND HIS BONER EXPLODED OUT OF HIS 501s. AHHH, WELL. I DON'T MEAN TO SOUND DISAPPOINTED. REALLY I DON'T. I MEAN I AM, BUT I DON'T MEAN TO SOUND THAT WAY.

My Canadian Wife just got glasses and my 501s are, let's just say, "in the shop." -CZ

Because I burst through them with a naughty boner and ended up in the hospital because that's INSANE and they were the 501s my dad gave me before he left town so I can't just throw them out. -CZ

•

I just wanted to say it was a great pleasure meeting Chipperdoodle at C2E2. It's always a great time, he's wonderful to all the fans, and polite like the Canadian that he is. Sure, he complained that his junk wasn't big enough on the Gina Wynbrandt variant but who can blame him? Hopefully next time Fraction can join him at the show. ANYWAY, I just wanted to share this amazing Jon sketch that he did, complete with a 100 pack of abs. Some say he looks like a snake, others like an ice cream cone, but this was something I couldn't keep to myself.

Barb B.

THE WORST THING ABOUT NOT DOING SHOWS WITH MY CHUM IS I SEE HOW SAD AND DISAPPOINTING HIS "SKETCHES" ARE WITHOUT ME THERE TO PLAY QUALITY CONTROL AND IDEA MAN ALL WEEKEND. LEFT TO HIS OWN DEVICES, CHIP WILL "SKETCH" AND "TALK" AND SAY "NICE THINGS" TO "YOU PEOPLE" ENTIRELY INDEPENDENT OF ME, WHICH I FIND VERY DISTURBING AND, AS I THINK YOU CAN

SEE FROM THE FOLLOWING "SKETCH," EXTRAORDINARILY DISAPPOINTING. I MEAN, THIS COST YOU LIKE $400.00, RIGHT BARB? THAT'S INSANE MONEY TO SPEND ON THIS GIANT PIECE OF SHIT.

IF I HAD BEEN THERE, I'D HAVE SUGGESTED THAT MAYBE INSTEAD OF JON WITH INFINITE ABS, CHIP DRAW, SAY, A LATE *CHEERS*-ERA KELSEY GRAMMER, OR PERHAPS HARLEM GLOBETROTTER AND LEGEND MEADOWLARK LEMON, OR MAYBE EVEN THAT ICONOGRAPHIEST OF ICONS, IMAGE COMICSESESES' OWN SPAWN-MAN, BUT, AGAIN, AS I SAID, LEFT TO HIS OWN DEVICES, CHIP WILL CHINTZ OUT EVERY TIME AND SIMPLY "DRAW" FOR YOU WHAT YOU "WANT."

**UGH!!!

SEX TIP *Making a sex tape can bring you closer together, but making a full-length sex documentary can bring you closer to an Academy Award*

characters, hair fucking, and frankly an absurd amount of cum.

Also if someone with a vagina wanted to Top while bimping, would they just have to grind their clit onto their partner's head of hair?

Also Also I showed friends from my campus LGBT group pics of the Cum Angel and Kate Leth's Greatest Cover of All Time from Issue 12 and they were equal parts horrified and delighted.

Stephen W.

I SUPPOSE A VAGINA-HAVING BRIMPER THAT TOPS (THE "SCRUNCHY") WOULD HAVE TO USE THE BOTTOM (THE "PONY-TAIL")'S PONY-TAIL AS A KIND OF CROTCH-FLOSS? MAYBE THE PONY-TAIL COULD FLIP THEIR HAIR UP AND BACK TRYING TO COLLIDE WITH SAID VAGINA, ACTING AS A KIND OF SOFT FLOGGER OF HUMAN HAIR? MAYBE THE PONY WRAPS IT UP IN A BUN AND USES THE BUN AS A KIND OF BLUNT INSTRUMENT OR DONGLE? THAT RATHER SUGGESTS SCRUNCHYING FROM THE PONY, WHICH IS UNCOUTH AMONGST THE BRIMPERATI, OR SO I AM LED TO BELIEVE. I DON'T KNOW. NOT HAVING A VAGINA, I'D HESITATE TO MANDATE PRECISELY HOW A VAGINA-HAVER SHOULD BRIMP. ONE THING I'M SURE OF: SOME WHITE KID WITH SHITTY DREDS WILL FIGURE OUT A WAY TO MAKE IT WAY MORE OBVIOUS, WAY MORE GROSS, AND INCREDIBLY SAD, ALL ON HIS OWN. IN ANY CASE, WHEN A SCRUNCHY BRIMPS WITH A PONY THAT'S A WHITE BOY WITH SHITTY WHITE-BOY DOOKIE DREDS, IT'S CALLED THE "NO WOMAN NO CRY."

See, if we were at a show, Matt would make me draw this. -CZ

•

I don't know the best way to start a letter, but here goes: I read the first three trade issues of your publication and then started with single issues for this arc. Recently I was at a Model UN conference portraying a very corrupt, bomb-happy Secretary of State who eventually got fired, arrested, and killed (in that order), and while I was away I asked my mother to pick up my comics, which happened to include SexCrims #18. Not just that, but the XXX variant that she shoved between cleaner-rated fare during checkout to shield her shame from the family in front of her. Now I can't stop getting questions about my "porno comic" that I keep telling her is actually really good and sweet and written by Kelly Sue's husband... Still haven't convinced her yet.

Melanie J.

I WORKED FOR YEARS AT A COMIC BOOK STORE IN CHARLOTTE CALLED *HEROES AREN'T HARD TO FIND,* AND LONG AFTER I'D LEFT BUT STARTED WRITING STUFF, THEY STARTED A PULL BOX FOR MY FOLKS SO WHATEVER I WROTE WOULD BE PULLED FOR THEM AND WAITING.

APPARENTLY SOMEONE THERE DECIDED THAT SELLING THEM *SEX CRIMINALS* WAS TOO MUCH, AND THEY SIMPLY KEPT THE EXISTENCE OF THE BOOK A SECRET.

SO THE *TIME MAGAZINE* THING HAPPENS, WHERE THEY NAMED US COMIC OF THE YEAR FOR WHATEVER YEAR THAT WAS, 2015? 2013? 1193? WHATEVER. A FEW DAYS LATER, A CO-WORKER OF MY MOM'S CAME IN TO HER OFFICE AND SAID, "BOY, YOU MUST BE SO PROUD OF MATTHEW." AND MY MOM SAID "I AM..... WHY?"

AND THAT'S HOW MY MOM LEARNED I WRITE *SEX CRIMINALS.*

ALSO NOW I AM THINKING ABOUT SETTING A COMIC IN A HOT AND HORNY MODEL U.N. THANK YOU MELANIE THANK YOU

My parents beg me for new issues of SEX CRIMZ. Beg me! And I always tell them the same thing: "Have you finished your BAT-MAN comics yet? No? Then get out of here and come back when you truly understand the night." -CZ

NEXT TIME!

HO BOY. NOTHING THERE IS NO NEXT MONTH LIKE I SAID UP THERE, I'M DONE WRITING FOREVER, NOTHING BEATS THAT JINGLE OH SHIT WAIT I ALREADY WROTE THE FUCKING SCRIPT FOR 20 OH WELL

Well, shit.

FOR MATURE READERS DUH

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I MIGHT BE SHORT, BUT I'M SO WIDE SO WIDE THAT I WON'T FIT INSIDE JUST TAKE YOUR